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DOCTOR WHO

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Dead Man's Hand, Part 1 of 4

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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DEADWOOD, DAKOTA TERRITORY. MARCH 1882.
CLANG CLANG CLANG
HE'S A' COMING! GET INSIDE!
SOMEBODY CALL THE SHERIFF!

SHERIFF! COME QUICK!
NOW, KYLE! WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT BARGING IN LIKE THAT? I'M NOT BULLOCK!
WE'RE NOT SAVAGES HERE ANYMORE! WE KNOCK!

I WAS READING IN THE PAPER THAT WE HAVE SOME KIND OF NOVELIST VISITING US SOON. WILD SOMETHING OR OTHER.
WHAT KIND OF NOVELIST USES A NAME LIKE 'WILD', ANYWAY? WILD INDIAN? WILD BEAR?
IF IT'S ANOTHER DIME NOVELIST, I'M LYNCHING HIM MYSELF.
COME ON! HURRY, SHERIFF! IT'S THE MASKED GUNMAN! HE'S BACK!

THE MASKED GUNMAN? COME ON, KYLE, I TAUGHT YOU BETTER THAN TO BELIEVE STORIES!
A MAN WHO SHOOTS DEATH FROM HIS FINGERS IS NOTHING BUT A MYTH—
—OH.

DEAD MAN'S HAND
WRITTEN BY TONY LEE
ART BY MIKE COLLINS
COLORS BY CHARLIE KIRCHOFF
LETTERS BY SHAWN LEE
EDITS BY DENTON J. TIPTON
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT A MYTH AFTER ALL.
MINERS SUPPLY & PROVISIONS
TIN
SHOP
PROVISIONS

DRAW.
LOOK, FELLA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, BUT DEADWOOD'S A PEACEFUL TOWN NOW.
I AIN'T GOT NO FIGHT WITH YOU. AND I AIN'T GONNA DRAW ON A MAN WITH NO PISTOLS!
DRAW.
DRUG STORE
YOUR FUNERAL.
SUPPLIES
BIG HORN
BLAM BLAM BLAM
WHAT?
DRAW.
AARGHHH!

ACES AND EIGHTS.

LOOK! HE POINTED AT THE SHERIFF... AND SHOT HIM!
DON'T BE A FOOL! NOBODY CAN DO THAT!
AND LOOK! THERE'S NO BULLET HOLE—
—IT'S LIKE THE SHERIFF DIED OF FRIGHT!

DRIVER, WHAT'S THE FUSS ABOUT?
A GUNFIGHT, MR. WILDE. THEY'RE QUITE COMMON AROUND HERE.
KEEP TO THE BETTER PARTS OF DEADWOOD, AND ALWAYS KEEP YOUR HANDS IN VIEW. THAT'S WHAT I SAY.

MY GOOD MAN, I DO MY BEST WORK WHEN MY HANDS ARE—HEY!
GET OUTTA THE WAY, YA' LONG-HAIRED NANCY!

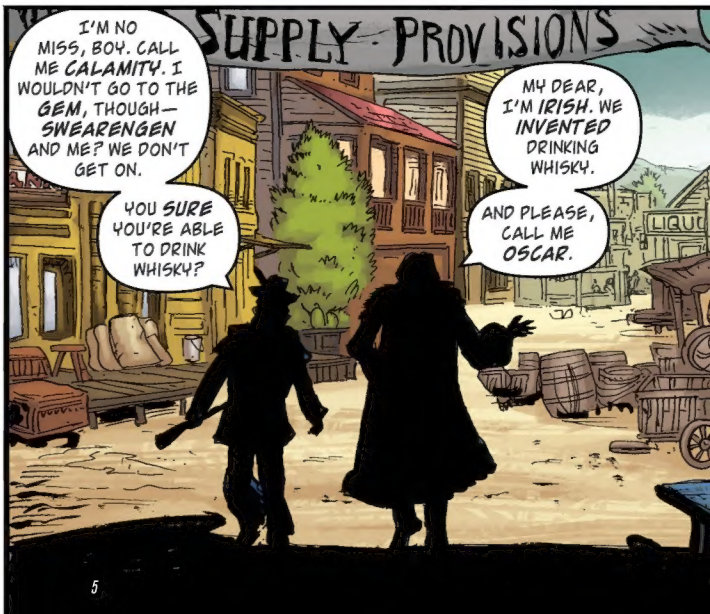
CALAMITY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK?
NEVER MIND THAT! DIDJA SEE THE GUNFIGHTER? DIDJA GET A GOOD LOOK?
WAS IT HIM? WAS IT BILL?

DO YOU MEAN WILD BILL HICKOK? MA'AM, I BELIEVE YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE.
THE DRIVER OF THE CARRIAGE INFORMED ME THAT MR. HICKOK IS BURIED UP IN MOUNT MORIAH CEMETERY.

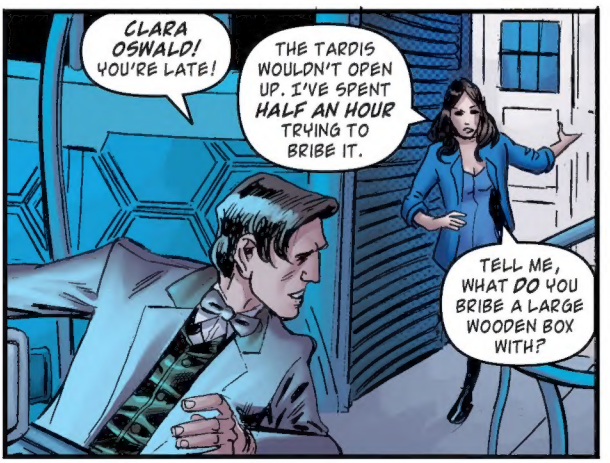
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS? I BURIED THE MAN!
AH, I SEE. WELL, MY GOOD WOMAN—
GOOD WOMAN? I'M MARTHA 'CALAMITY' JANE CANARY—AND I'M NOBODY'S 'GOOD WOMAN'!

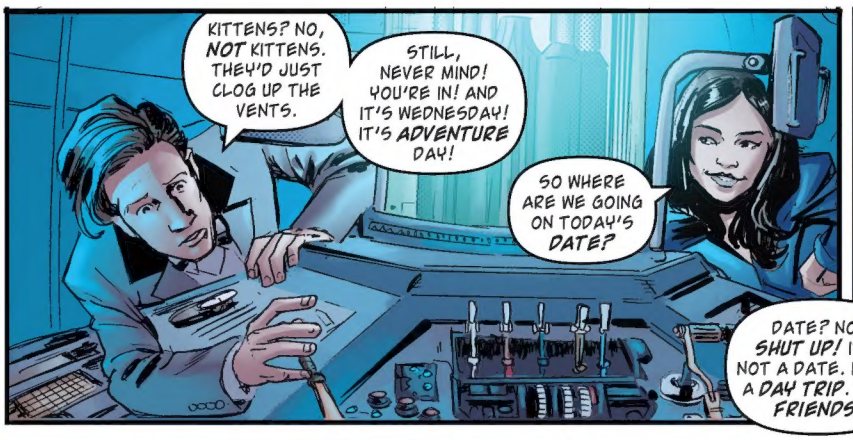
THREE TIMES THIS MASKED GUNMAN HAS STRUCK WITH NOTHING BUT HIS FINGER! THREE PEOPLE JUST LAYIN' DOWN DEAD WITH SHOCK!
A GHOST THAT SHOOTS WITH HIS FINGERS? THIS IS A SURREAL SITUATION AND NO MISTAKE.
I LOOKED IN MOUNT MORIAH. AND WILD BILL? HE'S GONE. THE GRAVE'S EMPTY!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN BE CALLED ON WHEN THE SUPERNATURAL COLLIDES WITH THE REAL.
YEAH? WHAT'S THAT THEN?

WHISKY, MY DEAR MISS CANARY. LOTS OF WHISKY. I SAW A THEATRE AS WE ARRIVED—THE GEM?
PERHAPS WE COULD WAIT THERE FOR YOUR UNDEAD COMPANION TO RETURN?


SUPPLY PROVISIONS
I'M NO MISS, BOY. CALL ME CALAMITY. I WOULDN'T GO TO THE GEM, THOUGH—SWEARENGEN AND ME? WE DON'T GET ON.
YOU SURE YOU'RE ABLE TO DRINK WHISKY?
MY DEAR, I'M IRISH. WE INVENTED DRINKING WHISKY.
AND PLEASE, CALL ME OSCAR.

LONDON. EARTH. NOW.
OH, COME ON. IT'S WEDNESDAY. YOU KNOW I TURN UP EVERY WEDNESDAY.
SO WHY ARE YOU STILL BEING NASTY TO ME? WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?


CLARA OSWALD! YOU'RE LATE!
THE TARDIS WOULDN'T OPEN UP. I'VE SPENT HALF AN HOUR TRYING TO BRIBE IT.
TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU BRIBE A LARGE WOODEN BOX WITH?


KITTENS? NO, NOT KITTENS. THEY'D JUST CLOG UP THE VENTS.
STILL, NEVER MIND! YOU'RE IN! AND IT'S WEDNESDAY! IT'S ADVENTURE DAY!
SO WHERE ARE WE GOING ON TODAY'S DATE?

DATE? NO! SHUT UP! IT'S NOT A DATE. IT'S... A DAY TRIP. WITH FRIENDS.

REALLY? THEN YOU SHOULD TELL ANGIE AND ARTIE THAT.
THEY STILL THINK YOU'RE MY ECCENTRIC, TIME-TRAVELLING BOYFRIEND.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULDN'T TRAVEL WITH CHILDREN. I MADE THAT MISTAKE WITH ANOTHER PAIR A LONG TIME AGO.
YEARS OF 'ARE WE THERE YET' AND 'WHOOPS, I ACCIDENTALLY PRESSED THE SHINY RED BUTTON'.
THOUGH I COULDN'T BLAME THEM FOR THAT. I MEAN, WHO DOESN'T WANT TO PRESS A SHINY RED BUTTON?
AS LONG AS IT'S NOT A BIG FRIENDLY BUTTON—I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THOSE FOR A WHILE!
SO WHERE ARE WE GOING TODAY?

DEADWOOD! WE'LL PAN FOR GOLD! PLAY POKER! RIDE THROUGH THE BLACK HILLS!
I CAN WEAR MY STETSON AGAIN!

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE DRESSING UP FOR YOU, ISN'T IT?!
I'VE SEEN THAT 'WARDROBE' ROOM. BRIGHT SCARVES AND HIDEOUS PATCHWORK JACKETS!
I WON AN AWARD FOR THAT JACKET. IT'S MADE FOR A SPECTRUM INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE.
ANYWAY! DEADWOOD! COWBOYS!

THAT'S THE SHOW WITH THE GUY WHO PLAYED LOVEJOY IN IT, RIGHT? LOTS OF SWEARING.
WAS THE WILD WEST LIKE THAT?

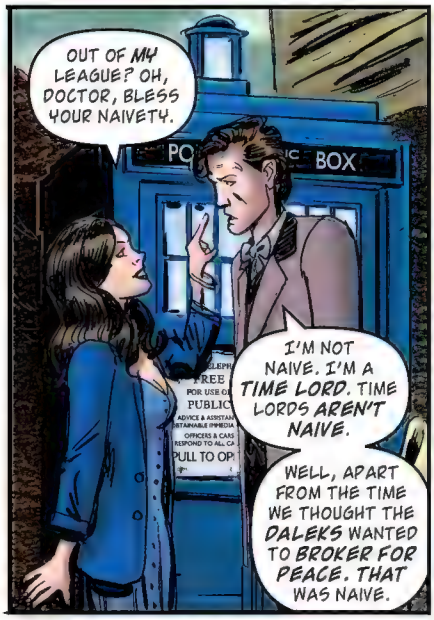
A BIT. WELL, A LOT REALLY. YES. EXACTLY LIKE THAT.
BUT WE'RE NOT GOING THEN! WE'RE GOING TO 1882, WHEN OSCAR WILDE VISITED IT!

I KNEW OSCAR WILDE VISITED AMERICA FOR A YEAR, BUT I NEVER SAW ANYTHING THAT SAID HE VISITED DEADWOOD!
I KNOW! INTERESTING, ISN'T IT?!

'DOCTOR, OUR IDEAS OF A "DAY OUT" VASTLY DIFFER'.
VWORP VWORP

DEADWOOD.
VWORP VWORP

ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT IF THIS WAS A DATE SITUATION, I'D BE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE.
I'M OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, MORE LIKE. YES. LOTS OF LEAGUES.
I MEAN, NOT THAT I'M COMPARING. IT'S NOT A DATE.


OUT OF MY LEAGUE? OH, DOCTOR, BLESS YOUR NAIVETY.
I'M NOT NAIVE. I'M A TIME LORD. TIME LORDS AREN'T NAIVE.
WELL, APART FROM THE TIME WE THOUGHT THE DALEKS WANTED TO BROKER FOR PEACE. THAT WAS NAIVE.

DOCTOR...?
AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME THEY ACCIDENTALLY UPLOADED THE MASTER INTO THE MATRIX...
...AND I SUPPOSE THE WHOLE DEATH ZONE CONTROVERSY WAS A TAD NAIVE...
DOCTOR!

I THINK THE TOWN'S BEEN DESERTED.
IS IT SUPPOSED TO BE DESERTED?

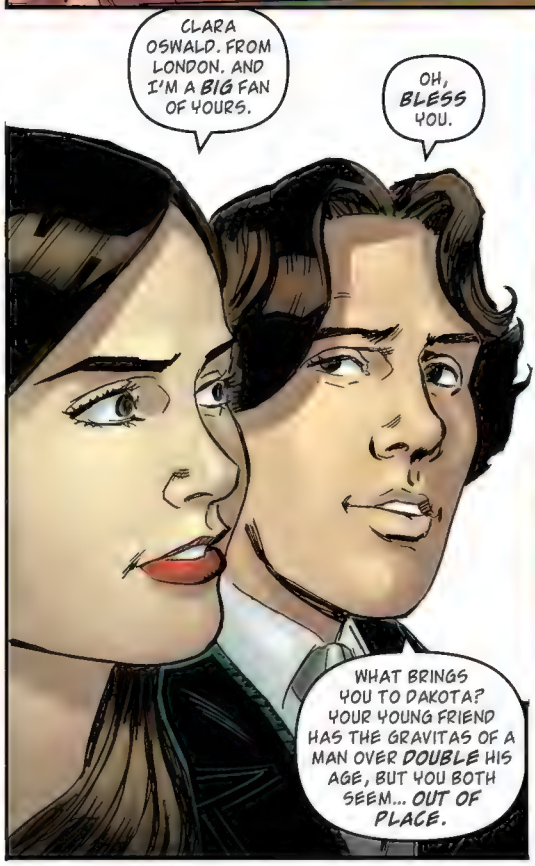
NO. AT THIS TIME, DEADWOOD WAS THRIVING. THE STREETS SHOULD BE PACKED.
NO BACKGROUND RADIATION, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SOME OFF-THE-SCALE READINGS IN THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM...
IS THAT GOOD OR BAD?
IT'S THE LATE 19TH CENTURY. WE'RE STILL IN AN AGE OF GAS BURNERS AND CANDLELIGHT.
THOMAS EDISON CREATED THE ELECTRIC LAMP NO MORE THAN A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, SO TO HAVE READINGS LIKE THIS? IT'S NOT GREAT.
HERE'S A WILD THOUGHT, DOCTOR—JUST ONCE, CAN WE GO SOMEWHERE THAT DOESN'T TRY TO KILL US?
COME ON, CLARA, LOOK AROUND. NOTHING'S TRIED TO KILL US YET...
ARE YOU INSANE? GET OFF THE STREET BEFORE HE KILLS YOU!
BEFORE WHO KILLS US?
THE MASKED GUNMAN, OF COURSE! KILLED THE SHERIFF NO MORE THAN AN HOUR BACK!
THE TOWNSFOLK THAT HAVEN'T FLED ARE MEETING IN THE NUGGET SALOON RIGHT NOW!
THIS GUNMAN. TELL ME ABOUT HIM.
HE WEARS A MASK, NO PISTOLS. POINTS HIS FINGER AT YOU—BAM! YOU'RE DEAD!
POINTS HIS FINGER? DOES IT SNAP DOWN, LIKE A HINGE?
OF COURSE NOT!
NOT AN AUTON THEN.
SO, THE NUGGET SALOON. SHALL WE GO AND SAY HELLO?
IT'D BE RUDE NOT TO.

THE NUGGET SALOON.
BRADFORD WAS A GOOD MAN—AND OF COURSE I WANT TO SEEK JUSTICE—BUT I'M NO LONGER DEADWOOD'S SHERIFF.
WE NEED TO CONTACT MARSHAL RAYMOND IN YANKTON ON THIS.
THAT'LL TAKE DAYS, BULLOCK! WE NEED ACTION NOW!
BRADFORD SHOT THE GUNSLINGER FOUR TIMES, DEAD CENTRE! HE STAYED STANDING!
THIS AIN'T NO MAN, THIS IS A DEMON, SENT TO TEST US!
HE AIN'T NO DEMON, BUT HE AIN'T NO MAN, EITHER. THIS MASKED GUNMAN IS WILD BILL HIMSELF.
I LOOKED IN THE CEMETERY THIS MORNING—HIS BODY'S BEEN TAKEN.
THAT'S MADNESS! WILD BILL CAN'T COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!
YOU MET BILL WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, FERRIS! YOU TELLIN' ME IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE HIM?
HE WAS WEARING A MASK!
WE NEED TO CALL THE 7TH CAVALRY! WHO ELSE CAN HELP US?
A DEAD MAN WHO CANNOT DIE, KILLING PEOPLE WITH THE POWER OF FEAR.
A COMMUNITY HELD RANSOM BY A SPECTRE OF A GUNFIGHTER.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU NEED A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN.

AND WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME?
YOU'RE FROM YANKTON? BUT WE ONLY JUST SENT A MESSENGER...

WE'RE VERY WELL ORGANISED IN YANKTON. AND MY ASSISTANT AND I WERE PASSING THROUGH.
SO, TELL ME EVERYTHING. START AT THE BEGINNING.

EXCUSE ME? CAN I GET A GLASS OF WATER?
THE WHISKY'S PROBABLY SAFER THAN WATER HERE... AND ALMOST THE SAME CONSISTENCY.
DO MY EARS DECEIVE ME, THOUGH? ARE YOU ENGLISH? I'M OSCAR WILDE. YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF ME?


CLARA OSWALD. FROM LONDON. AND I'M A BIG FAN OF YOURS.
OH, BLESS YOU.
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO DAKOTA? YOUR YOUNG FRIEND HAS THE GRAVITAS OF A MAN OVER DOUBLE HIS AGE, BUT YOU BOTH SEEM... OUT OF PLACE.

HE'S ACTUALLY OLDER THAN HE LOOKS—KEEPS A PAINTING IN HIS ATTIC, MOST LIKELY.
GET IT? PAINTING—
AH, CLARA. A QUICK WORD.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TALKING TO OSCAR WILDE.
NO, YOU'RE INSPIRING HIM. STOP IT.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'INSPIRING'?
IT'S MARCH 1882. SIX YEARS BEFORE WILDE EVEN CONSIDERS WRITING DORIAN GRAY AT THE LANGHAM HOTEL.
AND YOU'VE JUST GIVEN HIM THE IDEA FOR IT, BY TALKING ABOUT PAINTINGS IN ATTICS.
SOMETHING IS OFF HERE. MASSIVELY OFF. WE CAN'T ADD TO IT BY CHANGING HISTORY.
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
KEEP AN EYE ON THE TOWNSFOLK. LOOK FOR ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS.
AND DON'T TALK BOOKS WITH OSCAR WILDE.
GOTCHA. WHAT BOOK IS HE PROMOTING ON HIS TOUR, ANYWAY?

UM, WELL, ACTUALLY... HE'S NOT.
HIS TOUR IS MAINLY BASED ON LECTURES ON AESTHETIC DESIGN IN HOUSES.
HE'S TOURING AS AN INTERIOR DESIGNER? I BET THEY LOVE HIM HERE.

MR. WILDE, COULD I IMPOSE ON YOU TO CHAPERONE MISS OSWALD HERE WHILE I HUNT FOR THIS GUNFIGHTER?
ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU TRUST ME WITH HER?

OH, I THINK SHE CAN HANDLE HERSELF.
BACK IN A JIFFY.

WHAT A STRANGE MAN. I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT I'VE MET HIM BEFORE.
I DON'T THINK SO, BUT YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE OLDER, AND HE LOOKS DIFFERENT, OR SOMETHING. HE MENTIONED IT LAST WEEK.
PROBABLY BEST TO FORGET THAT I SAID THAT, REALLY.

I FEARED THAT I WOULD BE BEREFT OF PLEASANT CONVERSATION WHILE HERE, BUT NOW I FEEL MORE AT HOME THAN I HAVE IN A LONG TIME.
YOUR HEALTH, MISS OSWALD.

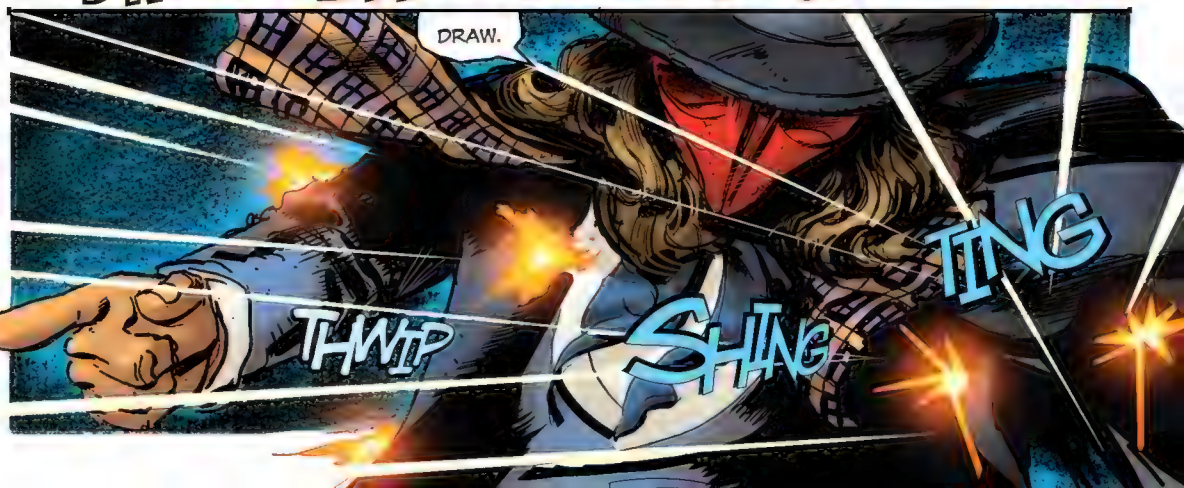
SO, YOU'RE CONVINCED THAT THIS GUNFIGHTER IS WILD BILL. CAN YOU TRACK HIM?
HE HAS TO GO SOMEWHERE WHEN HE'S FINISHED. UNLESS OF COURSE HE TURNS INTO MIST. HE DOESN'T TURN INTO MIST, DOES HE?
THERE'S NOBODY OUT THERE THAT CALAMITY JANE CAN'T TRACK!
LET'S GET STARTED THEN!

THESE ARE HIS BOOT TRACKS, ALL RIGHT. HE CAME FROM THE NORTH, STOPPED HERE.
THEY'RE DEEP, THOUGH. HEAVIER THAN I REMEMBER.
AND THEN WHERE DID HE GO?

WE SHOULD GO BEAT UP THAT DRUNK REYNARD FOR INFORMATION.
SNEAKY RUNT HIDES IN THE SHADOWS. I'M SURE HE'D KNOW WHERE THIS GHOST IS—

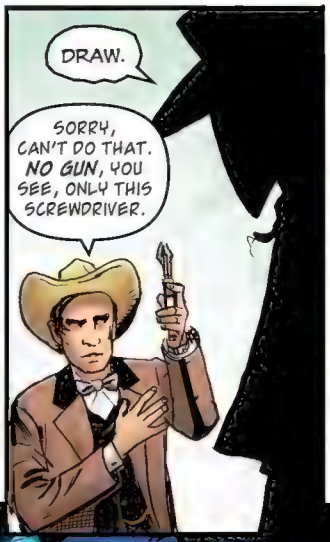
—THERE! OPEN FIRE!

NO! WAIT!
BLAM
BLAM
BANG
BANG
BOOM


DRAW.
THWIP
SHING
TING

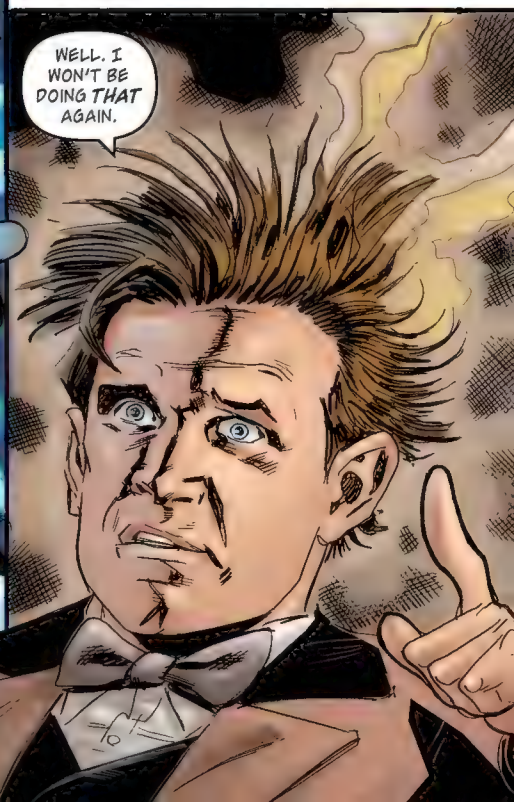
STOP SHOOTING! IT DOESN'T WORK!

BILL! BILL, IT'S ME! CALAMITY!


DRAW.
SORRY, CAN'T DO THAT. NO GUN, YOU SEE, ONLY THIS SCREWDRIVER.

OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE A GUN EITHER. HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
IN FACT, HOW ARE YOU STILL STANDING? WHAT'S BEHIND THE MASK?
WHAT ARE YOU? SOME KIND OF CYBERMAN PROTOTYPE—

ARGHHH!
MARSHALL!


WELL. I WON'T BE DOING THAT AGAIN.

YOU SAW! HE ATTACKED THE MARSHALL! WITH HIS FINGER GUN!
FINGER GUN? THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING WITH?
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE'S DOING IT, BUT HIS POINTED FINGER ISN'T KILLING PEOPLE, NO MATTER WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.
HE DIDN'T ATTACK ME. IF ANYTHING, I ATTACKED HIM.
AND I'D SAY FOR EVERYONE TO KEEP THEIR DISTANCE RIGHT NOW.
IT MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED YOUR ATTENTION, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHO OR WHAT IT IS.
I'LL TELL YOU WHO HE IS. HE'S MY FRIEND. WILD BILL HICKOK.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM, BUT IT'S NOT HIS FAULT. NONE OF IT IS. AND THE FIRST PERSON TO TOUCH HIM...
...GETS A BULLET BETWEEN THE EYES.
CALAMITY, IT MIGHT LOOK AND SOUND LIKE BILL, BUT HE'S DEAD. SHOT BY JACK McCALL.
YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, YOU BURIED HIM. YOU NEED TO PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE TRUTH, THAT THIS MIGHT NOT BE WHAT YOU HOPE.
BUT HOPE'S ALL I HAVE, MARSHALL.
PLEASE, CALL ME DOCTOR. AND I NEVER KNOCK HOPE, CALAMITY. IT'S A POWERFUL THING.
NOW, HOW ABOUT WE SEE EXACTLY HOW THIS MASKED GUNFIGHTER WORKS?

THIS IS STUPID.
I DID NOT COME ALL THIS WAY TO SIT AT A BAR WHILE SOMETHING FUN IS GOING ON.
GOOD FOR YOU. I, HOWEVER, DID.

I'VE TRAVELLED AMERICA, TALKING TO AMERICANS WHO DON'T CARE WHO I AM, ABOUT THINGS LIKE WALLPAPER DESIGNS AND CURTAIN SHADES.
THE ONES THAT UNDERSTAND MY WORDS DON'T LIKE THEM.
SO WHY NOT SIT AT A BAR AND DRINK MYSELF INTO OBLIVION?

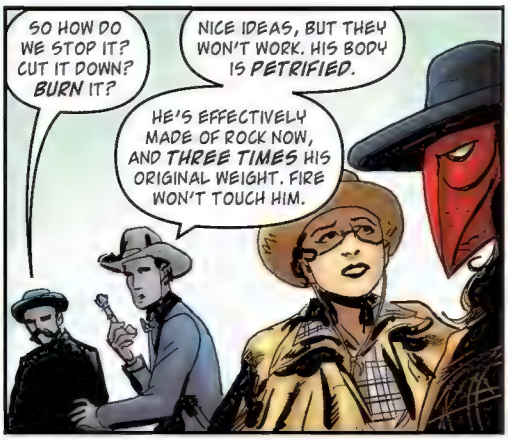
IF YOU HATE IT SO MUCH, WHY DO IT?
THERE WAS A WOMAN ONCE, IN DUBLIN. HER NAME WAS FLORENCE.
TWO SWEET YEARS—THE SWEETEST YEARS OF ALL MY YOUTH, LOST TO ME FOUR YEARS AGO.
SINCE THEN I'VE NOT WANTED TO RETURN. AND SO I TRAVEL. AND DRINK.

A WOMAN DROVE YOU TO DRINK?
YES. WHY IS THAT SO STRANGE TO YOU?
NO REASON. NO REASON AT ALL. WHY WOULD THERE BE A REASON?

COME ON! LET'S GO DO SOMETHING FUN!
OR, YOU KNOW, FIND AN UNDEAD GUNMAN THAT KILLS PEOPLE WITH HIS FINGERS!
HOW IS THAT IN ANY WAY FUN?
HEY! I DIDN'T FINISH MY WHISKY!

BILL HICKOK! YOU APOLOGISE FOR POINTIN' YOUR FINGER AND KILLIN' THAT POOR MAN!
BILL! TALK TO ME, BILL!
I'M AFRAID THAT HE CAN'T, CALAMITY. HIS SPEECH AND MOTOR FUNCTIONS ARE TURNED OFF REMOTELY.
WHICH MEANS THAT SOMEONE SOMEWHERE IS CONTROLLING HIM.

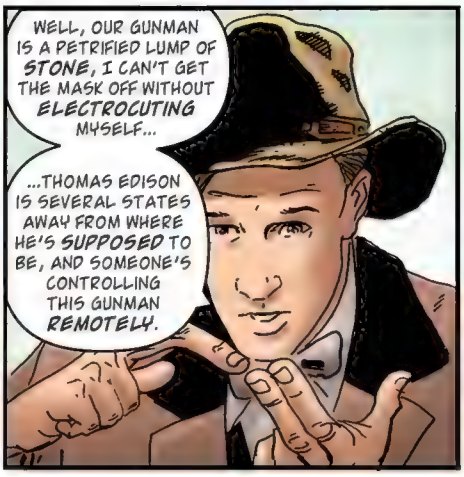
AND I'M AFRAID THAT IF SOMEONE'S CONTROLLING THE BODY...
...THEN THE BODY PROBABLY ISN'T ALIVE AFTER ALL.
YOU MEAN... HE'S NOT ALIVE? HE'S NOT MY BILL?


SO HOW DO WE STOP IT? CUT IT DOWN? BURN IT?
NICE IDEAS, BUT THEY WON'T WORK. HIS BODY IS PETRIFIED.
HE'S EFFECTIVELY MADE OF ROCK NOW, AND THREE TIMES HIS ORIGINAL WEIGHT. FIRE WON'T TOUCH HIM.

WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY THERE'S SO MUCH MAGNETIC FEEDBACK AND ELECTRICAL RESONANCE IN THE SURROUNDING AREAS.
IF IT'S ELECTRICS YOU'RE AFTER, YOU WANT TO TALK TO THOMAS EDISON.
HE'S UP THERE IN THE BLACK HILLS, WORKING ON SOME KIND OF SECRET PROJECT. HUSH-HUSH. GOVERNMENT STUFF.

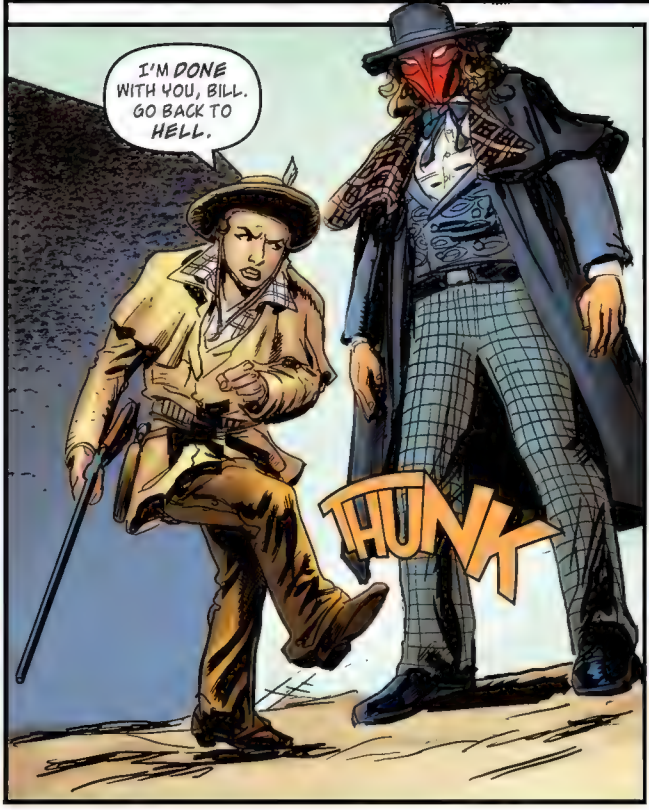
THOMAS EDISON IS IN DAKOTA? THAT'S NOT RIGHT!
IT'S MARCH 1882! HE'S IN NEW YORK, BUILDING THE PEARL STREET POWER STATION RIGHT NOW!
ALL I SAY IS WHAT I HEAR. EDISON IS UP IN THE HILLS.

SO, WHAT'S GOING ON?
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY IN THE BAR?
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO CHAPERONE HER?
HE IS CHAPERONING ME. SEE? STILL BY MY SIDE.


WELL, OUR GUNMAN IS A PETRIFIED LUMP OF STONE, I CAN'T GET THE MASK OFF WITHOUT ELECTROCUTING MYSELF...
...THOMAS EDISON IS SEVERAL STATES AWAY FROM WHERE HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE, AND SOMEONE'S CONTROLLING THIS GUNMAN REMOTELY.

POOR WOMAN. TO BELIEVE HER TRUE LOVE HAD RETURNED, ONLY TO FIND STONE IN PLACE OF ITS HEART.
JUST LIKE THE 'HAPPY PRINCE'—

—WHICH IS IRRELEVANT. YOU SHOULD JUST IGNORE IT. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.


I'M DONE WITH YOU, BILL. GO BACK TO HELL.
THUNK

CLICK

I DON'T WANNA REMEMBER YOU LIKE THIS, BILL.
FIRST THINGS FIRST. WE NEED A CART TO HELP PICK UP OUR GUNFIGHTER.
DOCTOR?
THEN WE NEED TO PAY THE BLACK HILLS A VISIT—
DRAW.
...BILL?
LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!
YOU'D SHOOT YOUR CALAMITY, BILL?
DRAW.

NO!
WHRRRRRRR
GET OUT OF—
BZZZT
-AIIEEE!
ACES... AND... EIIGGGGHHH...
CLARA!

SOMEBODY HELP!
NEXT: ONLY THE DEAD SHALL RISE!

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
NEXT MONTH: ISSUE #14